

DELL

# Sergeant **PRESTON** OF THE YUKON



# Another Outstanding Award for Dell Comics



FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO YOUTH



CITATION

AWARDED TO

MR. GEORGE T. DELACORTE, JR.  
PRESIDENT OF DELL PUBLISHING CO. INC.  
PUBLISHERS OF DELL COMICS

FOR HIS SUPPORT OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL  
AND FOR HIS CONTINUING EFFORTS IN BEHALF  
OF THE BETTERMENT OF AMERICAN YOUTH

*For Service*

MAJOR GENERAL LUDWIG W. BEAR, USAF  
NATIONAL CHIEFMASTER, CIVIL AIR PATROL  
ADJUTANT OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Mr. George T. Delacorte, Jr., publisher of Dell Comics, receiving the Civil Air Patrol citation for Outstanding Service to Youth from Major General Louis W. Bear, USAF. The award was presented in recognition of Mr. Delacorte's maintenance of the Dell Comic line as clean and wholesome children's entertainment. Left to right: Col. Draper E. Henry, USAF, Deputy Commander; CAP, Major General Louis W. Bear, USAF, Commander; CAP, George T. Delacorte, Jr., Hon. John F. Lester, Assoc. USAF, and Col. C. Short, USAF.



**W**e are particularly proud of this recognition of Dell Comics by the Civil Air Patrol, official auxiliary of the United States Air Force. The CAP, by stimulating interest in aviation among the youth of America, is a vital force in our national defense. At the same time, by promoting this healthy interest in aviation and flying, the CAP serves as an effective deterrent to juvenile delinquency throughout the United States. We suggest that boys and girls, aged 15 years and older, investigate the possibilities of joining the CAP unit in your locality. For information about the Civil Air Patrol, what it is, what it does, and how you may join, contact your nearest Air Force Recruiting office.

DELL

**A PLEDGE**

**TO PARENTS**

The Dell Entertainment is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing its name is safe, clean, and wholesome entertainment. The Dell reader stimulates naturally, rather than requires, self-disciplined interest. That's why when your child buys a Dell comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "What, comics can save lives?" is our only credo and constant goal.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us two weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

# Sergeant PRESTON

AND  
THE FIDDLER

HELLO, KATE!  
I SEE BUSINESS  
IS STILL  
THRIVING!

SERGEANT PRESTON!  
AND KING! BLESS YOU BOTH!  
I'LL PAY A STEAK FOR  
EACH—

THANKS— BUT KING  
AND I HAVE JUST  
EATEN! I JUST STOP-  
PED IN TO ASK YOU IF  
YOU'D SEEN UNCLE  
JACK THE FIDDLER  
TONIGHT

YES, SERGEANT—  
HE WAS HERE— BUT  
HE'S GONE HOME INSTEAD  
OF FIDDLING FOR MY  
CUSTOMERS.

A COUPLE OF SAILORS— RIVER TRAMPS—  
KNOCKED HIM INTO THE MUD THIS EVENING—  
TRIED TO ROB HIM— AND BROKE HIS BOW! THINK  
OF DOING THAT TO A JELLY MAN! IF HIS FRIENDS  
HADN'T COME ALONG—

WELL, UNCLE JACK FIDDLER'S BAD LUCK HAS CHANGED, KATE!  
THAT'S WHY I AM HERE, LOOKING FOR HIM! HE HAS  
JUST INHERITED TWO MILLION DOLLARS!

TWO MILLION—  
dollar!— THAT'S  
NOT FUNNY,  
SERGEANT!

I WASN'T JOKING, KATE! I'M GOING TO UNCLE JACK'S  
LODGINGS, IN CASE HE'S THERE, AND TELL HIM

WAIT,  
SERGEANT!  
WAIT—

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





THE LATEST COPY OF THE  
GARSON CLEARING? SOMEBODY  
MUST HAVE BROUGHT IT UP ON  
THE LAST BOAT... AND THERE'S  
A FRONT PAGE ARTICLE TORN  
OUT--- THE ONE ABOUT UNCLE  
JACK'S INHERITANCE!

WHAT? DID  
YOU SAY---



YES, UNCLE JACK, I SAID YOUR  
ANNUITANCE? IT'S IN THE PAPER  
--- AND IT'S THE REASON I CAME  
TO ONE TOWN LOOKING FOR YOU!  
YOUR FRIEND, JIM MURDOCK, HAS  
LEFT YOU A LOT OF MONEY!

JIM MURDOCK---  
DEAD? THAT---  
THAT HITS ME  
KIND OF  
HARD!



POOR JIM! IT'S BEEN  
YEARS SINCE I SAW  
HIM--- SINCE  
THAT FINE---

WE DIDN'T FORGET WHAT  
YOU DID THEN, UNCLE JACK!  
BUT THE POINT IS NOW, TO  
SEE THAT YOU DON'T LOSE  
YOUR INHERITANCE!



BUT--- HOW COULD  
HE LOSE IT,  
SERGEANT?

IF ONE OF THOSE CROOKS---  
WITH UNCLE JACK'S IDENTIFICA-  
TION PAPERS--- AND HIS KEYS---  
--- SHOULD MEET THE  
LAWYER, HOMER BARTON---



--- AND SHOULD FURTHER THAT HE IS JACK PEE,  
THERE COULD BE TROUBLE! ESPECIALLY IF THE  
IMPERSONATION SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE BLIND OR  
CONVINCE BARTON THAT HE WAS? SO WE'VE GOT  
TO START FOR GARSON, TOMORROW!



I'LL PUT A HOT MEAL INTO  
UNCLE JACK, WHILE YOU SET  
HORSES, SERGEANT!

MY, OH, MY! I  
JUST CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT  
ALL YET!



THREE DAYS LATER---AS THE THREE WHO ROBBED UNCLE JACK REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF DAWSON---

THE MOUNTIES' RANING OUT OF THIS TOWN, DUDE? I'M STOPPING AT THE EDGE!

OKAY, BURT? WHERE DO WE MEET?



SHARK KNOWS THE PLACE --- A LITTLE RESTAURANT SHACK NEAR THE RIVER? I'LL WAIT AROUND THERE...



LEAVING BURT CARSON, THE OTHER TWO CROOKS, DUDE MCKENRY AND SHARK DANA, CONTINUE ON INTO CARRISON.

YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND THE MURDOCK ESTATE'S LAWYER, DUDE?

THE NEWS CLIPPING SAID HE WAS STAYING AT THE PRINCE CONRAD HOTEL!



AT THE WRETCHED LITTLE SHACK RESTAURANT, BURT CARSON WHILES AWAY THE TIME.

DON'T HANG AROUND TOO LONG, BURT! IF THE MOUNTIES CATCH YOU HERE, IT WILL LOOK BAD FOR ME!

UH-HUH? DON'T WORRY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS BURT STEPS OUTSIDE ---

UH---THAT'S ANGSTOFF AND THE BLIND FIDDLER---



PRESTON'S QUICK EYE HAS CAUGHT BURT'S FURTIVE  
MOTION











A QUICK AND CLEVER FIGHTER, DUDE USES BARTON AS A SHIELD UNTIL HE CAN COME TO GRIPS.



# GRAY WOLF

## LEADER OF THE WOLF PACK



FULL-FED, THE WOLF PACK STANDS ABOUT, SLEEPILY WATCHING THEIR LEADER, GRAY WOLF, FOR ORDERS.

SLEEPY HIMSELF, GRAY WOLF SPOKE BY EXAMPLE---MAKING A DEEP NEST FOR HIMSELF IN THE OXY, FLUFFY SNOW.



IN A SHORT TIME, THE SNOW, WIND-DRIFFED, COVERED EACH DROWSY WOLF WITH A WHITE BLANKET, THAT KEPT OUT THE ARCTIC COLD.



JUST BEFORE THE END OF THE SHORT, SUB-ARCTIC DAY, A COVEY OF Grouse ALIGHTED ON A LIMB ABOVE THE SEEDING GROUND.



AS THEY OFTEN DO WHEN THE SNOW IS DEEP AND OXY, THE BIRDS GIVE, ONE BY ONE---SEEKING THE SNOW-BLANKET'S WARMTH AND PROTECTION.

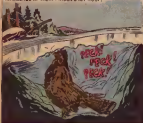
OUTSIDE THE NIGHT, NATURE PLAYED ONE OF HER STRANGE TRICKS, THAT ARE SO COMMON IN THE YUKON. A WARM CHINDOK WIND BLEW ACROSS THE VALLEY, MELTING THE TOP LAYER OF SNOW! A FREEZING RAIN FOLLOWED.



AND, IN THE MORNING, A PALE SUN TURNED THE VALLEY INTO WONDERLAND --- SCREAMING JEWEL, BRIGHT UNDER ITS HALF-INCH-THICK ARMOR OF ICE.



THE GROUSE WERE THE FIRST TO WAKE! FAIRLY, THEY HAMMERED AT THE IR PRISON'S ICEY ROOF.



GRAY WOLF WAS HAVING A NIGHTMARE --- OF BEING CAUGHT IN THE STEMS OF THICK WILLOW DRUSH! THE AIR INSIDE HIS ICE-ROOFED NEST WAS NEARLY USED UP!



WITH A CONVULSIVE LEAP, HE BUREST UP THROUGH THE CRUST, SHATTERING IT IN SHARP-EDGED FRAGMENTS, LIKE GLASS.



GALTING AIR, HE STOOD WITH DIFFICULTY ON THE GLADED SURFACE.





IT WAS A STRANGE, LIFELESS WORLD, ON WHICH HE GAZED! AND HE WAS ALONE! NO SIGHT NOR SCENT OF HIS PACK MATES! NOTHING BUT A PAINT, DISTANT TAPPING!



HE SAT DOWN AND RAISED THE RALLYING CRY OF THE WOLF PACK... BUT NO VOICE ANSWERED HIM! THE LONG SILENCE WAS FRIGHTENING!



FINALLY, HE INVESTIGATED THE TAPPING SOUND---AND SAW WHAT LOOKED LIKE A BIRD, BENEATH THE ICE!



HE SCRATCHED, FIRST LIGHTLY, THEN WITH ALL HIS MIGHTS--- BUT THE ICE WAS TOO THICK!



AT LAST HE TRIED JUMPING ON IT--- AND BROKE THROUGH, SWALLOW DEEP.



SUDDENLY, WITH BOOMING WINGS AND A BLINDING FLURRY OF SNOW, THE GROUSE FLEW UP RIGHT UNDER HIS NOSE!



THE BIRD'S ESCAPE WAS DISAPPOINTING--- BUT IT GAVE GRAY WOLF AN IDEA! WHAT IF HIS PACK MATES WERE IMPRISONED LIKE THE GROUSE?

WITH AN EAGER WHINE, HE MOVED BACK TO THE BEDDING AREA... WITH HIS HEAD CLOSE TO THE CRUST, HE COULD SEE A PRINT DEPRESSION:



ON THE FIRST TRIAL, HIS BUNCHED FOUR FEET BROKE THROUGH.



IT WAS HIS MOTHER, NEETKA, WHO CRAWLED FEEBLY OUT, HER LIMBS STARVING FOR OXYGEN! AN HOUR OR TWO LONGER MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT AN ENDLESS SLEEP!



QUICKLY, NEETKA REMOVED IN THE PURE, COLD AIR --- AND JOINED HER SON IN LOCATING THE DISTRESS.



WITH THE LAST ONE FREED, BRAY WOLF RAISED HIS MUZZLE IN A SHORT, TRIUMPHANT HOWL.



--- AND LED HIS PACK OUT OVER THE GUTTERING, ICE-CLOAKED VALLEY TOWARD THE HIGHER SLOPES, WHERE THE CARIBOU WOULD BE FEEDING IN THE SUN.





# Sergeant PRESTON

IN  
CORNERED

PRESTON, WE'VE CAUGHT ONE OF  
RED JACKSON'S GANG--- BUT JACKSON  
AND TWO OTHERS ARE STILL EVADING  
US! I WANT YOU TO COVER THE TERRITORY  
SOUTH OF SKELETON CREEK!

YES,  
SIR!

HAVE YOU ANY FURTHER  
CLUES, INSPECTOR?

ONLY WHAT TURNER, THE  
PRISONER, SUPPLIED: THE  
GANG WILL PROBABLY TRY TO  
INTERCEPT GOLD SHIPMENTS  
TO THE BEACON CITY BANK!

VERY WELL, SIR! I'LL  
START OUT AT ONCE  
--- WITH TUPON  
KING!

GOOD LUCK,  
PRESTON!

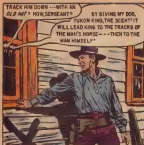
A FEW DAYS LATER  
AT THE LITTLE  
SETTLEMENT OF  
RIVERBEND FLOOD--

WHERE'S HERE'S  
MORGAN'S TRADING  
POST? NOT EVEN A  
DOG AROUND! SO  
WE'LL TAKE WHAT  
WE WANT!











AT THE DOUBLE REPORT ---WHICH SOUNDS LIKE ONE---

RED? DID YOU GET  
HIM? RED?---



SPUD? COME HERE!---  
(GROG?)



RED? WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? WHERE  
---UN---?



RIGHT HERE?  
GROG? GROG  
GROG? KUNG---



I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU AND  
RED, AS SOON AS I CAPTURE  
THE THIRD MEMBER OF YOUR  
GANG, SPUD

DON'T CLASS  
HIM WITH US, SERGEANT!  
WE TIED HIM UP IN  
THE CABIN!

THEN I'LL  
TAKE HIM BACK  
TO JAIL, ALONG  
WITH YOU TWO---  
THIS CASE IS  
CLOSED!



## Desperate Journey



Young Gary Holmes laid another chunk of rock against the pole that supported the fur cache, and turned to his Dad! The older man, still muscular at sixty, was lugging a fifty-pound rock.

"That's too heavy!" young Gary protested. "Remember your heart, Dad—HEY!"

Even as the boy spoke, Old Gary's face twitched with a spasm of pain. The rock thudded to the ground. A pained hand pressed against his chest.

"I—you're right, son!" the old sourdough gasped. "I was—foolish! But the medicine will fix me up!"

With his dad resting on the cabin bunk, young Gary hunted for the small bottle in vain. Old Gary got up and hunted, too—with no better result. The life-saving nitroglycerine pills were missing—probably lost out of a pack on the way in.

Against Dad's protest, young Gary prepared to start for Dawson City—a three or four weeks' journey, up the Peel River, and across the savage Ogish Range.

"It's September already, son!" the older man argued. "Winter will strike before you can get back—maybe before you hit Dawson! I can get along . . ."

"Not without your medicine!" the boy replied. "I'm starting now! Don't worry, Dad!

I'll get through," he went on, bravely.

But, in his heart, Gary had grave misgivings. These, he tried to hide with a brave smile so that the older man would not suspect his fear.

At Dad's insistence, Gary loaded a light hand sled, an extra piece of canvas, an axe and their big sled dog, Rex, into the canoe. With the other supplies it made quite a load.

Swiftly they shot down the branch stream; but when they turned to buck the current of the mighty Peel River, progress was slow. The ice stopped them only one week from home. Gary chopped the canoe free, hauled it ashore, and built a cache for the sled and extra food. Then, with himself and Rex carrying light packs, they faced the two weeks of forced march to Dawson.

The weather now favored them. Meeting little snow, they reached Dawson in record time. With the precious medicine and only the lightest of packs, they again breasted the wild slopes of the Ogishies.

Then fog and snow blotted out the passes. For two weeks they blundered up and down blind draws. Their food gave out. Twice Rex located rabbits, which Gary shot—and once a ptarmigan. On the second day with no food at all, they found the pass.

By great luck, they got another snowshoe rabbit and a grouse. With these gone, they waited. Gary was losing count of days and nights, in the brain-fog caused by hunger. But his legs worked. And a hand on Rex's collar guided his steps. Rex was in charge now—and he knew it!

It was Rex who found the tree cache on the banks of the frozen river. And the axe near by! Gary, with his last strength, chopped it down.

That night they feasted—and slept. A week later they pulled up to the home cabin, to be greeted by Dad Holmes' joyful shout. The desperate journey was done!



# Sergeant PRESTON

## AND THE HIGHGRADERS

THANKS, HARRY —  
— I'LL!

THERE'S A BLIZZARD  
MAKING UP, SERGEANT!  
UNLESS YOU HAVE SOME  
MIGHTY URGENT BUSINESS,  
I HOPE YOU'LL STAY HERE  
TILL THE STORM  
PASSES!

COME ALONG, KING? WE'LL SEE TO THE  
SLED TEAM NOW...

MOLLY EVANS? WHAT  
BRINGS YOU OUT IN  
THIS WEATHER?

MY HUSBAND IS  
OVERDUE,  
BACK FROM HIS  
MINE, HARRY!  
I'M WORRIED!

I'VE COME FOR HELP, HARRY!  
SOMEBODY, WHAT SO AND...  
SEE IF JOHNNY — — WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED? HE'S NEVER  
BEEN SO LATE — —

I'LL GO,  
MRS. EVANS!

OHMY! SERGEANT  
PRESTON? AND  
KING? THANK  
HEAVEN YOU'RE  
HERE! AND YOU'LL  
GO?

YES! I'LL FEED MY  
TEAM, AND START AT  
ONCE! WITH GOOD  
LUCK, WE'LL MEET  
JOHNNY ON THE  
TRAIL!

















THE BULLETS, ENTERING THROUGH THE DOORWAY, FIND AN UNEXPECTED TARGET IN THE SIDE OF A SNOW-BLINDLY, WHO HAS BEEN SLEEPING THROUGH THE STORM...

OWW-ARR-OWW!



STRAIGHT PAST THE CROUCHED FIGURES OF PRESTON AND HIS COMPANIONS, THE MADDED BRUTE LUNGES, HEADING FOR THE ENEMY WHO HURT HIM

---RRRRR-  
WOOF!



BT HIM, KING! THERE  
WILL BE KILLING  
IF YOU DON'T---



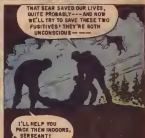
RRRR-AGRRRR!  
WOOF! BANG!  
BANG!

SHOOT, TUS!  
MY GUN'S EMPTY  
---FEEDUPP!

EMPTY-HANDED, PRESTON FOLLOWS HIS BALLANT  
DOG --- TOWARD THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE



A BLOW FROM THE BEAR'S MIGHTY PAW  
HURLS TUS DOWN ONTO PRESTON'S STILL  
FORM. BUT KING KEEPS HIS GRIP ON  
A BARRY KAUCH.





## FUR OF THE WOLVERINE

The Eskimo uses a number of different kinds of fur for clothing—each with its special purpose. Soft sealskin for trousers, and summer parkies; the much warmer caribou hides for winter parkies; chewed caribou hide for Eskimo moccasins or MUKLUKS, because they are warm and watertight; and WOLVERINE fur for the trimming of the parkie hood, which protects the face from below-zero winds.

The reason for this is that frost can be brushed off from wolverine fur quite easily—whereas it clings tightly to other kinds of fur. When an Eskimo is out hunting in the bitter cold, his breath condenses in thick frost in the air and on the edges of his parkie hood. If it cannot be brushed off, it keeps building up, and may even interfere with seeing and breathing.

Some people have the idea that no frost ever collects on wolverine fur. But the Eskimo knows better. He prizes the fur of the hard-to-catch wolverine for its real usefulness—but he does not expect miracles of it.

The white man who has never hunted the wolverine thinks of the beast in terms of the frightening stories he has read. Actually, the wolverine is a savage, tough, clever, bad-smelling little beast, abnormally strong for his twenty-five or thirty pounds weight. His hide, dressed and cleansed, is the best part of him!

### A PLEDGE **DELL** TO PARENTS

*The Dell Tradebook is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the reader magazine bearing its name means only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code does not run randomly, rather than regularly, abominably excepted! That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure a ruthless only good fun "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is not only yours and constant good.*



## ANIMALS OF THE NORTH



### THE CARIBOU

CARIBOU are really wild reindeer, native to the American Continent. They are very little different from the European steeds of "Santa Claus."

Caribou migrate from winter feeding grounds to summer calving grounds in vast herds, which used to cover the Baren Grounds from horizon to horizon. Smaller nowadays, their

herds are still impressively large. Some tribes of Eskimos depend on Caribou meat for their entire winter meat supply.

The Baren Ground Caribou's favorite food is "reindeer moss," which he paws down through the snow to uncover. The Woodland Caribou lives in the spruce forests farther south.